

Through the
Outlooking Glass
with

THEODORE
ROOSEVELT

Hollinger
pH 8.5
Mill Run F3-1955

765
59
copy 1

Through the
Outlooking Glass

WITH

THEODORE
ROOSEVELT

SIXTH EDITION

PRICE TEN CENTS

THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS

*Being the curious adventures of
Theodore the Red Knight in his
quest of the Third Cup, of his
faithful companion Alice, of the
Old Lady who lived in a shoe
behind a high tariff wall, and
divers quaint and lively persons,
all comprising a veritable The-
odyssey of incidents, set down
in simple third terms*

BY

SIMEON STRUNSKY

REPRINTED FROM

The Evening Post

NEW YORK

E765
59

Source unknown

NOV 10 1921

Through the Outlooking Glass

CHAPTER I

Alice was half-way through her cereal when the Red Knight came in and picked out a place at the same table facing her. He flung his coat over two hooks on the wall upside down. He then took a piece of chalk from his pocket and drew a ring on the floor and threw his hat into it.

"Good morning, sir," said Alice, who never forgot her manners under any circumstances.

"Good evening," said the Red Knight, as he opened his newspaper and began reading the last paragraph in the last column on the last page.

"But it isn't evening," said Alice. "Why, I am just having my breakfast before going to school."

"If you were a friend of mine, you'd know what I mean," said the Red Knight, and turned to the Mad Waiter, who was holding out the bill of fare for him to read. The Mad Waiter was a progressive waiter. He was so progressive that he would always be serving people with their supper before they had finished ordering lunch.

"I'll begin with a third cup of coffee," said the Red Knight. "Then you can bring me a second cup if it's not too cold. I am sure I don't want the first cup at all today."

"Thank you, sir," said the Mad Waiter. "The ham and eggs is very fine today."

"That just suits me," said the Red Knight.

"Too bad," said the Mad Waiter. "Perhaps you'll have a chop, with pickles and a boiled potato."

"Bully!" said the Red Knight.

"Why, then, there's the cold salmon as many people likes to have a taste of in the morning," said the waiter.

"Under no circumstances will I eat cold salmon," said the Red Knight, bringing his fist down on the table with such force that Alice let her spoon fall to the floor. The Mad Waiter disappeared, and almost immediately returned with a plate of cold salmon, of which the Red Knight partook heartily, washing it down with two steaming cups of coffee. As Alice was gathering up her books before setting out for school, the Red Knight turned to the waiter and said, "Now bring me the first cup."

"But you said you were sure you didn't want a first cup," cried Alice, with some show of spirit.

"That doesn't mean I can't have a first cup without sugar in it, does it?" said the Red Knight, as he picked up the sugar-bowl and threw it at the Mad Waiter.

CHAPTER II

Soon they came to the top of the hill and Alice saw a large, heavy man with a genial smile standing on the lawn of the White House.

"That," said the Red Knight with a frown, "is a deceptive candidate for the Presidency."

"Why do you call him deceptive?" said Alice.

"Because he always says what he means," replied the Red Knight.

"But that isn't deceiving at all," said Alice.

"Yes, it is," said the Red Knight angrily. "A man like that deceives people's hopes for novelty and excitement. Now *I* am a receptive candidate."

"I don't know what that means, either," said Alice.

"It means," said the Red Knight, "a candidate who receives his views and his principles as he moves along. I am also a perceptive candidate because I am as quick as lightning at perceiving which way the wind blows. Furthermore, I am an inceptive candidate and a susceptible candidate, and an acceptive candidate. That big man you see over there is my friend. But he has queer notions about some things. For instance, he says he'd rather be white than be President."

"Aren't you going to say 'Good morning' to him, if he is your friend?" said Alice.

"Oh, no," said the Red Knight. "I never do things like other people. I treat my friends and my enemies alike. I give them all a square deal."

"It seems to me, then," said Alice, "that what you want to do is to walk over and shake hands and say 'I hope you are feeling quite well, and here is a square deal for you.'"

"That would never do," said the Red Knight. "When I give a friend a square deal I give it to him between his shoulder blades, especially if he has broad shoulders like this man in front of us."

"I don't see that the size of the man's shoulders has anything to do with it," said Alice.

"That is because you have forgotten your geometry," said the Red Knight. "If you hadn't you'd know that a square deal on the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the square deals on the other two sides."

CHAPTER III

The Red Knight had been rowing for a long time and Alice noticed that they were still in the same place. That was on account of the peculiar way in which the Red Knight handled the oars. He pulled at the right oar as hard as he could and pushed with the left oar as hard as he could and the boat went round and round in a circle.

"We aren't getting any nearer the shore, are we?" he asked anxiously.

"Not a bit," said Alice.

"That's fine," said the Red Knight. "Now you can see that I am neither a wild-eyed radical nor a moss-grown reactionary."

But Alice's conscience began to trouble her.

"You know," she said, "I promised Mamma that I would go out in a boat under no circumstances."

"That's all right, then," said the Red Knight. "It's just what you are doing."

"But I am *not*," said Alice.

"You are very stupid," said the Red Knight. "Suppose you said, 'I will go out in the rain under no umbrella.' Wouldn't that mean that you intended to go out without an umbrella?"

"It *might* mean that," said Alice.

"And suppose you said, 'I will go to bed under no blanket,' it would mean that you preferred to sleep without a blanket, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

"Now, were there any circumstances why you should have gone out with me in this boat?" asked the Red Knight.

"No," said Alice.

"Well, then, isn't it as plain as anything that you are going out in this boat under no circumstances?"

But Alice only began to whimper.

"I promised Mamma," she said, "that I should be home at five o'clock."

"Selfish!" said the Red Knight.

"I am not selfish," cried Alice. "I promised Mamma I'd come and I want to keep my promise."

"That's what I call selfish," said the Red Knight; "giving somebody your promise and wanting to keep it, too. I'd never be guilty of such conduct. It's like giving somebody your piece of plum pudding and wanting to keep it at the same time."

"But a promise isn't plum pudding," said Alice.

"Of course it isn't," said the Red Knight. "Plum pudding is much harder to swallow."

"Oh, you know well enough what I mean," said Alice, quite out of patience. "It isn't the *promise* I want to keep; it's *what* I promised about."

"Oh, in that case, we quite agree," said the Red

Knight. "If you give people a promise and keep something else, it's all right." And he began to row harder than ever.

CHAPTER IV

"Sometimes," said the Red Knight, "a situation arises where mere words will not do at all. Look at this paper, for instance."

"It's a telegram, isn't it?" said Alice.

"A special night-letter," said the Red Knight. "It's from the Prime Minister of Kansas. It says: 'When you take a third cup at breakfast, do you drink coffee like the plain people, or cocoa like the enemies of progress?' Now, words alone could not express my views on the subject. The only way I can answer this highly important question is like this."

And then, to Alice's astonishment, the Red Knight descended from his horse and stood straight in the air on his hands, as Alice had frequently seen her little brother do in the back-yard at home.

"On the one hand," said the Red Knight, lifting his right arm from the ground and tipping dangerously to the left, "I believe that the right of the common people to drink coffee in the morning is inalienable, and if the Constitution is in the way it should be recalled. On the other hand," suiting his action to the word and tipping dangerously to the right, "if some people are put upon a cocoa diet by doctor's orders, they should be at liberty to drink cocoa even if they're rich. I think," concluded the Red Knight as he got to his

feet quite breathless and very red in the face, "that the Prime Minister of Kansas will henceforth know how I stand upon the subject."

"I didn't know you were so clever at gymnastics," said Alice with sincere admiration.

"Oh, I am," said the Red Knight, with an air of justified pride. "I am the only man in the country who can sit between two stools without touching either or falling to the ground."

"I don't see how anybody can do that," said Alice.

"I do it by sitting on my record," said the Red Knight.

CHAPTER V

Alice was beginning to feel rather tired, when they turned another corner and saw the old woman who lived in a shoe. The landlord didn't like to have babies in the house, and the cost of living was dreadfully high, and so she didn't know what else to do. The Red Knight kissed every one of the children—there were just fifty-seven of them—and told them that under certain circumstances they might all be President some day.

Alice had been long away from home, and the sight of the little ones almost brought tears to her eyes.

"The darlings!" she said. "I should just love to bathe them all and put them to bed. I wonder how you can keep count of them, ma'am."

"It's very simple," said the woman. "I make them punch a clock, in the morning just before breakfast, and again before they go to bed. But

it's the breakfast that worries me," she went on, turning to the Red Knight. "With fifty-seven mouths to feed, and each one demanding a bowl of cereal and an egg, and prices what they are."

"But on the other hand," said the Red Knight, "see what you have done for your country and your race."

"I know," said the old woman. "I heard people say that if the tariff were reduced, then groceries might come cheaper somehow; I am not clever at such things, but you know what I mean."

The Red Knight smiled jovially.

"I quite understand, Madam," he said. "What you mean is that the Presidential primary ought to be established in every State."

"Perhaps I did mean that," said the old woman, a little dazed. "They were also saying that if American sewing-machines were sold in this country at only twenty-five per cent. more than they are sold abroad, it would be a good thing for us housewives. Perhaps I'm not quite clear."

"I grasp your meaning perfectly," said the Red Knight. "You meant to imply that the greatest need of the moment is the recall of judicial decisions."

"Well, I suppose it's so," said the old woman. "But I did think that if we had reciprocity with Canada, every one of the children might have an egg for breakfast. I wonder if it is really possible."

"It is, Madam," said the Red Knight; "as soon as we establish the initiative and referendum."

"Does that mean two separate things, or one?" asked Alice, who had been reading the "Rubaiyat" to the thirteen youngest children.

"Two, of course," said the Red Knight. "I supply the initiative, and Perkins furnishes the referendum."

He took off his helmet and from it drew forth two large paper boxes, at the sight of the contents of which all the fifty-seven children broke into a cheer. They were still cheering for the Red Knight as Alice and her companion disappeared around the corner.

"Was it breakfast food you had in the boxes?" asked Alice.

"My dear Alice," said the Red Knight, "when you grow up and go into society, you will learn that popular enthusiasm does not thrive on breakfast food. You know what children like. In one of the boxes there was fudge, and in the other box there was taffy."

CHAPTER VI

"Whichever way you look at it," said the Red Knight, "there is only one possible conclusion. I am the logical candidate at Chicago."

"What is a logical candidate?" said Alice.

"A logical candidate," said the Red Knight, "is one who, when the necessity arises, can prove that 'I won't' means 'I will.'"

"That should be a very difficult thing to do," said Alice.

"I find it the easiest thing in the world," said the Red Knight. "Let us look at it in this way: No one will deny that the President of the United States should be a man about fifty-four years old, about five feet ten inches tall, powerfully built, wear glasses, and live on the north shore of Long Island. That, I believe, is axiomatic."

"That's another word I don't know the meaning of," said Alice.

"An axiom, my dear girl, is something which is so obviously true that the man who denies it must be a crook or an infamous liar. Very well, then. In the second place, a candidate for the Presidency should be a man of wide experience. He must have lived in the White House at least seven years, and before that he must have been a member of the Legislature, a Police Commissioner, a cavalry colonel, and the author of a short but masterly treatise on the Irish sagas."

"Is that axiomatic, also?" said Alice.

"Naturally," said the Red Knight.

"Then it means you once more?"

"Exactly," said the Red Knight. "And in the last place he should be a descendant of the old Dutch patroons, a native of New York, and his name should begin with an R and end with a T, and have at least two O's and a V between. Now what does all that prove?"

"Axiomatically, you mean?" said Alice.

"Of course," said the Red Knight.

"It means you again," said Alice.

"You are a very bright child to see the point so

quickly," said the Red Knight. "Thus I am the logical candidate of the moment. But please observe that I am much more than that. I am also the physiological candidate, because I can speak faster and louder than any man in the country, and can slug a man harder through the ropes. Then, I am the zoological candidate, because of my record in Africa. And I am the entomological candidate, because I am the broadest-minded man in the world, and my views are absolutely insectarian."

"I don't think that is a very good pun, do you?" said Alice.

"I think it's one of the best puns I ever heard," said the Red Knight, hastily, and went on. "The successful candidate must be one who knows how to make hay when the sun shines and how to get in out of the rain; therefore, I am the meteorological candidate. He should be the man brought forward by a vast national upheaval; that makes me the geological candidate. And, above all, he must not be too thin-skinned when accused of bad faith and personal motives; which makes me the dermatological candidate. So what does all this show?"

"It shows," said Alice, "that you *are* the logical candidate."

"It does," said the Red Knight, and, having divested himself of his armor, he thrust his hands into his pockets and whistled cheerfully.

CHAPTER VII

"Having rallied my troops," said the Red Knight, "I will now march to settle the Trust problem at the head of my convincible army."

"You mean *invincible*, don't you?" said Alice.

"I mean *convincible*," replied the Red Knight. "Because we always march to battle convinced that we shall be robbed of the fruits of victory."

"Then why fight at all?" said Alice.

The Red Knight looked at her in astonishment. "If we don't fight, how can we cry fraud afterwards?"

"But you don't absolutely have to cry fraud, do you?" said Alice, timidly.

For the first time since their acquaintance the Red Knight grew sarcastic. "If you can tell me any other way we can keep our spirits up, I'd be much obliged," he said.

"Your army doesn't seem to be a very large one," said Alice.

"Yes, it is," said the Red Knight. "I have countless millions on my side. But they are of a rather retiring disposition. You'd never suspect they were there if I didn't tell you. These men you see are only my Field-Mmarshals. I don't suppose you have ever met them before, have you?"

"I never have," said Alice. "I am only eight, you know, and Mamma says I must be seventeen before I go out in mixed company."

"Then I must introduce you," said the Red Knight. "The small man in armor is George the

Harvester. We call him that because he thinks he can sow money and reap delegates. He just loves the people. And he is so modest that the people don't even suspect it. A good man, the Harvester, and as true as United States Steel."

"I don't think I like him," said Alice.

"I didn't until he came out for me," said the Red Knight. "That showed how mistaken I was. The tall, thin man, next to him is Gifford the Forester, so-called because he is frequently up a tree. He is a nice fellow, but not practical enough. I sometimes wonder whether he belongs with the rest of my Field-Marshal. The one in sheepskin is Ormsby the Barrister. He got his title from his willingness to round up Southern delegates for any candidate, bar none. He is the most unprejudiced man I know. The last man on the left, in a uniform of colored frontispieces, is Frank the Publisher. He is always in high spirits because his circulation is so good. Have you ever seen a more impressive lot of men?"

Alice couldn't honestly say that she had. So the Red Knight gave the signal and the convinced army started out. Soon they came to two finger-posts pointing in the same direction. One finger-post said: "To the House of the Good Trust," and the other finger-post said: "To the House of the Bad Trust."

Alice thought that was very odd, but she was resolved she'd wait until they came to a fork in the road. But when they did the road on the left had no guide-posts at all, and the two fingers continued to point down the other road.

"Do Good Trust and Bad Trust both live in the same house?" asked Alice.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said the Red Knight, and they marched on till they came to New Jersey; and there, sure enough—but what Alice saw there will be told by the Red Knight in the preceding chapter.

CHAPTER VIII

Yes, sure enough, just as Alice and the Red Knight turned the corner they spied the Good Trust and the Bad Trust standing quite still, with their hands in each other's pockets. Alice thought it very odd, because the day was quite warm.

"They do that to keep in practice," said the Red Knight.

To Alice they looked like twins. They were dressed in suits of Pittsburgh steel, with woollen caps in the form of Schedule K, and boots made by the Shoe-Machine Trust.

"I am sure I could never tell them apart," said Alice. "How do you manage to do it?"

"There are several ways," said the Red Knight. "One way is to turn around and let one of them steal your purse. If he spends the money on yachts and Old Masters, it's the Bad Trust. But, if he spends the money on Presidential campaign contributions, it's the Good Trust."

"But what happens to my pocketbook?" asked Alice.

"I think you are very sordid," said the Red Knight. "However, you might try to shake hands

with them. If he takes your hand and says, 'How do you do?' it's the Good Trust; but, if he takes your hand and then bites it, you'll know it's the Bad Trust."

"I don't think I like that way either," said Alice. "All I can see is that they look just alike, and behave in exactly the same way."

"That simply shows you lack incrimination and discrimination," said the Red Knight. "Incrimination to recognize the Bad Trust, and discrimination to recognize the Good Trust."

"Well, I wish you'd tell me how *you* manage to tell one from the other," said Alice.

"Usually I do it by instinct," said the Red Knight; "but when it's too dark to see well, I treat them with kindness."

"But what good does that do?" asked Alice.

"I thought you knew that everybody responds to kindness," said the Red Knight. "Only they respond in different ways. I get my *best* results by tickling them."

He walked up to the two Trusts, and poked his finger into the ribs of the one on the left, saying at the same time: "What do you think of the Sherman law?"

"Tee hee, tee hee," the Trust giggled.

"That," said the Red Knight, "is the Bad Trust. Did you ever see such criminal indifference? Now, watch me." And he proceeded to push his finger into the side of the other Trust, repeating: "What do you think of the Sherman law?"

"T. R.! T. R.!" shouted the Trust.

"That is the Good Trust," said the Red Knight. "Of course, it isn't a method that everybody would care to pursue. And that is why I am the only man in the country who can really tell the difference between the two."

CHAPTER IX

It was the Comic Editor who suggested that they go uptown by the subway. It was the rush hour, so there was plenty of room for everybody. The Red Knight lay back in his seat and looked thoughtfully at Alice.

"Now that I have got Oklahoma and there is no doubt as to how the rest of the country is going, I feel the need of a little recreation—" he said.

"Wreckreation, you know," said the Comic Editor and nudged Alice in the side as he spelled out the joke for her.

"Do you like puzzle pictures?" said the Red Knight.

"I just love them," said Alice.

The Red Knight took out a large document printed on heavy parchment. At the top was an eagle with outstretched wings, and Alice could read the first line. "We, the people of the United States, in order—" Borrowing Alice's scissors, he snipped the paper up in little bands and squares. These he first threw up in the air. Then he ran them through his fingers. Then he crumpled them up, threw them on the floor and jumped upon them.

"Change and exercise are good for the Constitution, you know," said the Comic Editor.

Alice looked calmly at the Comic Editor and set to work arranging the fragments. But the task was quite beyond her. "I'm afraid you'll have to do it yourself," she said.

"It's very simple," said the Red Knight. He took the pieces and deftly put them together, putting Article XII first and Article VII next, and so on. "Now, here's a sample of the way it should look," he said, and Alice noticed that the typography had changed very oddly. She read as follows:

We, the people of the UnIted States, In order to
form a more perfect unIon estabIsh justIce,
Insure domestIc tranquIlIty, provIde for the
common defense, promote the general welfare
and secure the blessIngs of lIberty to ourselves
and our posterIty, do ordain and estabIsh
thIs ConstItutIon for the UnIted States of
AmerIca.

"It seems to be nothing but capital I's," said Alice. "The rest you can hardly read."

"That is the letter of the Constitution," said the Red Knight. "I have always been faithful to it, and always will be."

"But you can't make a Constitution out of a single letter," insisted Alice.

"Yes, you can," said the Red Knight, "provided the letter is big enough."

But Alice was firm. "I don't see how language can be made up of one letter. You need twenty-six at least."

"I don't think so," said the Red Knight, "and, besides, where am I to get the other letters from?"

"You might advertise," said the Comic Editor. "Help Wanted, Mail, you know."

All at once the Red Knight sat straight up, and his face grew bright. "Why, of course, we need more letters. There is e for 'me' and o for 'our' and u for 'us' and a for 'am' and y for 'my.' My dear Alice, that really was a bright idea of yours."

"Whatever is bright is Constitutional, you know," said the Comic Editor.

The Red Knight picked up the pieces of parchment. "With a little practice," he said, "you will be very good at taking a constitution apart and putting it together again. It helps to pass the time, and when you are tired of the game you can throw the mess out of the window."

"Interrupt it and constrew it, you know," said the Comic Editor.

"Oh, don't be a fool," said Alice, quite losing her temper. She looked so angry that the Comic Editor burst out crying. He was still sobbing when they came to the door of the Outlooking Glass office.

CHAPTER X

"If you promise to keep quite still," said the Poet Laureate, "I will read you my latest poem."

"I should be delighted," said Alice, whose manners never failed her.

The Poet Laureate cleared his throat and read:

The sun was shining in the sky,
The time was 2 A. M.
(No stand-pat luminary, he
Progressived with a slam),
And folk in bed were luncheoning
Exclusively on jam.

"This doesn't seem to be quite clear," said Alice.

"Of course it isn't," said the Poet Laureate.
"This is just to create the proper atmosphere."
And he went on:

The Colonel and the Harvester
Had found a shady spot.
They sorted Issues by the piece,
The dozen, and the lot.
And most of them were highly spiced,
And all were piping hot.

"For seven years," the Colonel said,
"I walked the quarter deck,
I smote the Trusts, and in their gore
I waded to the neck."
"I know it," sobbed the Harvester,
And signed another check.

"I have'nt overdone the pathos, have I?" said the Poet Laureate.

"Not at all," said Alice.

"Oh Pledges, come and walk with us,"
The valiant Colonel cried.
"Your numbers clearly show my stand
Upon race suicide.
Your countless faces fill my breast
With pardonable pride."

The elder Pledges shook their heads
And whimpered as he spoke;
The elder Pledges couldn't move
Because their backs was broke,
But all the younger fry obeyed
And waited for the joke.

"I will now skip several stanzas because they are quite intelligible," said the Poet Laureate.

"It seems to me that you can read them all the better then," said Alice.

"But if they are already intelligible, what use is there in reading them?" said the Poet Laureate, impatiently, and he went on:

"The time has come," the Colonel said,
"To speak of many things,
Of Presidents of sealing wax,
And hats inside of rings,
And why I feel so boiling hot,
And whether truth has wings."

"A brand new deal, Oh Pledges dear,
Is what we chiefly need,
A double-acting memory
Is very good indeed;
And if you're ready, Harvester,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us," the Pledges cried—

"Please," said Alice, "please won't you skip what happened next? I have never been able to think about it without crying. It's too cruel."

"Very well," said the Poet Laureate, "I am rather tender-hearted myself. I'll pass on to the last verse:

"Oh Pledges dear," the Colonel said,
"Is not this bully fun?
I thank you for the Harvester——"
But answer there came none,
And this was scarcely odd, because
He'd swallowed every one.

CHAPTER XI

"When I went to school," said the Red Knight, "I was particularly good at Riddles, Reverence and Rithmetic."

"I've studied arithmetic in school and played riddles *after* school," said Alice, "but I don't know what you mean by Reverence."

"I'm surprised," said the Red Knight. "Reverence means doing honor to great men. For instance, when I look at myself and am reminded of Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, Napoleon, Mark Twain, Admiral Peary, and Joan of Arc, that means reverence. But perhaps you'd rather have me ask you riddles?"

"I think I should," said Alice.

"Very well. What's the difference between a Southern postmaster in 1908 and a Southern postmaster in 1912?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Alice. "What is it?"

"I give it up," said the Red Knight.

"What a queer way of asking riddles!" said Alice.

"Not at all," said the Red Knight. "What's the difference between taking a canal from Colombia and taking candy from a child?"

"I never did understand politics," said Alice. "What is it?"

"I give it up," said the Red Knight.

"Oh, pshaw," said Alice. "Please do be sensible."

"I *am* sensible," said the Red Knight. "Why is George W. Perkins like the voice of the people?"

"Well, why?"

"I give it up," said the Red Knight.

"But that's too absurd for anything," said Alice. "If you like to tease people, please find some one else to tease."

She walked away to one side, quite angry, and began to play with the daisies in her new spring hat. The Red Knight sat down on the river's edge and broke out crying. He wept so bitterly that Alice felt sorry for him. She came back to where he sat and said: "I'm awfully sorry. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings." But the Red Knight only went on weeping.

"Please, do stop crying," said Alice. "Take out your handkerchief and wipe your eyes; come now."

"I can't," said the Red Knight. "I had my handkerchief in my hat, and my hat is in the ring," and he sobbed as if his heart would break.

So Alice took out her own handkerchief and wiped his streaming eyes, but still he would not stop. Then, to quiet him, she said: "But you said you were good at arithmetic."

"Oh, I am," said the Red Knight, and his face grew quite radiant. "Have you ever figured out how many Governors have come out for me?"

"No," said Alice.

"Well," said the Red Knight, "there's the Governor of New Hampshire, and the Governor of West Virginia, that makes two; and the Governor of New Hampshire, that makes—"

"But you counted the Governor of New Hampshire," said Alice.

"Only once," said the Red Knight. "People say that the Governor of New Hampshire is of two minds about me—that means twice, doesn't it?"

"Does it?" said Alice.

"Of course it does," said the Red Knight. "Then there is Kansas, which makes five, and Nebraska, which makes eleven, and California, which makes twenty-four, and New Mexico, which makes thirty-seven out of a total of forty-eight Governors.

"I don't see how you figure that out at all," said Alice.

"I do it by long addition," said the Red Knight.

CHAPTER XII

Alice had been sprinkling water on his face and fanning him with her straw hat for several minutes, and still the Red Knight lay there quite motionless. He looked so wan and pale it made Alice's heart ache. But just when she had decided that a doctor must be sent for, the Red Knight opened his eyes and sighed:

"Where are we?" he said.

"We are still in North Dakota," said Alice.

"And our opponents?"

"They have gone somewhere else."

"I knew it," said the Red Knight. "They have left the field to me. I knew it would be like that. I always win. Did you see me charge?"

"I did," said Alice. "It made me so sad to see you go over your horse's head so many times."

"I did that to disconcert them," said the Red Knight. "As long as I stayed in the saddle they would keep on fighting. But as soon as I fell off they would naturally be at a loss as to what to do next."

"But you frightened me horribly," said Alice. "Every time you went over you landed on your head."

"Oh, that was all right," said the Red Knight. "My head has always been the strongest part of me. Besides, I always think very well on my head. It stimulates me. Some of the very best ideas I have had—like the recall of the judges, for instance—came to me in that position. The thing to do now is to follow up our victory."

"You must not bother about that now," said Alice. "You must really rest up. Talking isn't very good for you."

"It never hurts me to talk," said the Red Knight. "It is no strain whatever. I can do it without thinking."

A tired look came into Alice's face.

"You are not discouraged, are you?" asked the Red Knight, a little wistfully. "You mustn't be, you know. If I gave up the fight who else would there be to carry it on?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Alice.

"There is no one else," said the Red Knight. "I'll prove it to you." He reached into his back pocket and pulled out a collapsible foot-measure of the kind carpenters use in their business. He handed it to Alice and asked her to open it out.

"This is a very funny rule," said Alice. "I thought all these pocket-measures ran up to six feet, but this one stops short at five feet ten inches."

"Exactly," said the Red Knight. "Now would you mind taking my measure, just as I lie here?"

Alice wondered, but complied.

"Why," she said, "it is just your height."

"Of course it is," said the Red Knight. "This, you see, is the rule of the people. I always carry it about with me. It is a very good rule, because it works only one way."

CHAPTER XIII

At the sight of the dear old lady in a panner gown, Alice could not help uttering a little cry of delight.

"Do let me introduce you," she said to the Red Knight, and she ran forward, pulling his steed along by the rein. "The Red Knight, Mrs. Malaprop," she said, and beamed upon both of them.

"Not *the* Mrs. Malaprop," said the Red Knight, holding out one hand and clinging to the saddle with the other.

"The same," said the old lady; "may I facilitate you upon the results in Illinois and Pennsylvania?"

"I thank you," said the Red Knight. "I have often heard you spoken of as one of our leading simplified spellers. If I am not mistaken, your grandfather was Col. Lapsus Linguae of Faux Pas."

"He was," said the old lady. "And on my mother's side I am related to the Bulls of Ireland and the Hiatuses of Prattling Common. If an old woman's good wishes count for anything—"

"Madam," said the Red Knight, "after California, I freely recognize the extraordinary mental and moral qualities of our women voters."

"I have long wished to tell you," said the old woman, "how I admire the victorious career of one whom I regard as the most Perkinacious of all our candidates."

"Pert, not Perk," hinted Alice, gently.

"Perk or Pert, what difference does it make?" said the old lady. "We live not by the letter of the law, but by its spirituous consultation. I have known many candidates who have fought hard for their own ends, but none whose motives are so absolutely Flinnathropic."

"Philanthropic," suggested Alice, in a whisper.

"Please don't interrogate so much," said the old lady, but still without losing her temper. "When I meet a public man who is so ready to capitalize his own interests to those of his country—"

"Sacri—" Alice started to say, but caught herself in time.

"Why, then," went on the old lady, "he ought to have as many terms as he likes. If two are not enough he should have a third term, if only by Hannalogy. Now I hope I got *that* right," she said, turning defiantly to Alice.

But Alice's feelings were hurt, and she said nothing.

"And so," concluded the old lady, "I hope that you will succeed in keeping up your spontaneous consumption of public interest and that you won't let them take away your Southern renegades—"

"Delega—" said Alice before she could stop herself.

But the old lady only glared at her and went on addressing the Red Knight: "And may all your enemies be like that English duke who was drowned in a barrel of Munsey."

"Malmsey," shouted Alice, no longer able to control herself. But the Red Knight turned to her and chided her gently: "The question, my dear Alice, is who shall make the rules of language, the plain people or the bosses who write the dictionaries."

CHAPTER XIV

"I will never go to Chicago," said the Red Knight.

Alice looked up from her book. "What train won't you take?" she asked.

"The 3:30," said the Red Knight.

"And which would you rather not have, a lower berth or an upper one?" said Alice.

"By all means a lower berth," said the Red Knight. "It makes no difference to me, you know."

And so the next morning they sat at breakfast in the dining-car. Alice divided her attention between the grapefruit and the landscape, but the Red Knight was completely absorbed with his own thoughts.

"It makes one dizzy to see the country flash by," said Alice, half to herself.

The gentleman in a bathing suit who sat at the next table eating olives with a spoon turned around with a reassuring smile.

"I shouldn't worry if I were you," he said. "It keeps up all the way to Chicago, you know."

"What keeps up?" said Alice.

"The country, of course," said the gentleman.

But at the word Chicago, the Red Knight looked up suddenly. "My dear Alice, do you happen to remember the name of the President who was nominated at Chicago in 1860?" he said.

"Let me see," said Alice, and she began to repeat to herself,

First Washington his country's pride,
Then sturdy Adams true and tried,
Then Jefferson—

"We shall be in Chicago before you get to Daniel Webster," said the gentleman in the bath-

ing suit. "It was Lincoln, of course."

"Lincoln is right," said the Red Knight. "And now *I* am going to Chicago."

"That's a very good sign," said the gentleman in the bathing suit.

"What is?" said the Red Knight, blushing with delight.

"That," said the other, pointing out of the window. "Can you read it? 'Use Walnut Oil and Save Your Hair.' It sounds very convincing."

But the Red Knight was once more lost in thought, and the gentleman in the bathing suit turned to Alice.

"I am an upholsterer by trade, you know," he said, "but in the summer I give lessons on the violin."

"What an odd combination!" said Alice. "Do you play well?"

"Oh, I make more or less of a respectable living out of it," he said. "It's more respectable than upholstering, but it's less of a living."

Here the Red Knight looked up again. "What are those famous words in Lincoln's Second Inaugural, Alice? You know what I mean. 'With—With——' How does it go?"

"I know what you mean," said the gentleman in the bathing suit as he rolled his menu-card into a tube and began shooting olive-pits through it. "You mean, 'With Alice towards none, with hilarity for all—'"

"I think you are very stupid," said Alice, "and

I wish you wouldn't take liberties with other people's names."

The man in the bathing suit immediately broke into tears. "I was only fooling," he sobbed. "But you can't fool all of the people all of the time. Can you now?" he said, turning to the Red Knight.

"You don't have to," said the Red Knight, to himself. "A good many Progressives expect to be elected to the United States Senate."

CHAPTER XV

The train pulled into the station, and the Red Knight looked at his watch. "Forty minutes late," he said; "another infamous trick." He seized a telegraph blank, and wrote: "Congressman McKinley, Taft Headquarters—Brigand! Assassin! Polygamist! Collect." He turned to Alice. "I feel much better now," he said. "Let us go."

Opposite them in the car sat a young lady who was reading "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and chewing gum. So they knew they were in Chicago. They came to a hotel that was taller than any building Alice had ever seen. It was so tall that millionaires living on the top floor were in the habit of swearing off their taxes, on the plea of non-residence in the State of Illinois. They entered the elevator, and by and by they reached the floor on which their rooms were situated. As they opened the door, the first thing they saw was George the Harvester and Ormsby the Barrister

weeping in each other's arms, and wiping each other's eyes with bundles of rejected credentials.

At the sight of the Barrister the Red Knight showed no anger. He merely took off his helmet and threw it at the bellboy. Then he pressed his forehead against the window-pane, and the glass cracked. Then he turned to the Barrister. "You must have had a very pleasant trip down South," he said, quietly gnashing his teeth.

"I did," said the Barrister, brightening up wonderfully.

"How did it all happen?" said the Red Knight.

"Shall I tell the story by Congressional districts or by States?" said the Barrister.

"By States," said the Red Knight.

The Barrister cleared his throat and began:

I took a barrel into Ga.

("Ga" being Georgia, of course," he explained.)
They jumped right up and yelled "Hurrah."

I took a trunkful into Fla.

They came to cheer from near and far,

I spent two trunkfuls in Ala.

They danced and sang: "You bet we are!"

I took a crateful into Ark.

They said, "Your reasons hit the mark."

"But this is all so very, very obscure," said Alice.

"It was intended to be," said the Barrister, and went on:

I sent to them and said "Endorse,"

They stood right up and said "Of course."

I wrote to them and said "Contest,"
They said "Cash up, we'll do the rest."
I said to them "Remember now,"
They said, "Keep cool, we'll show you how."
They voted once, they voted twice,
They voted hard to earn the price.

"But who are 'they?'" asked Alice. "Are there really such people?"

"Of course there are," said the Barrister. "I invented them myself," and he went on:

They started for Chicago, Ill.,
To ratify the people's will,
But——

"That's all there is," said the Barrister, stopping abruptly.

"Yes, that is all there is," said the Red Knight, "and a nice mess you made of it."

"Mercy, Sire," cried the Barrister, falling on his knees.

"Failure deserves no pity," said the Red Knight sternly. "If it were not for the chance that you may do better in 1916, I would make short work of you at once. As it is, you will, as a penalty, between today and the first of next year, read and briefly summarize every one of my past Presidential messages."

"Including the paragraph about the tariff which Joe Cannon made you take out?" sobbed the Barrister.

"Everything!" said the Red Knight. "Come, Alice. The trumpet calls to battle. It's now or never—unless the circumstances change."

CHAPTER XVI

The two armies were now face to face, and the Red Knight gathered his staff about him for a few final words of exhortation.

"Remember, men," he said. "Victory is assured. On our side are all the honest men. Against us are all the thieves. We need only win forty of them over to our side and the battle is ours."

Alice thought that was rather strange tactics, but she said nothing. She gazed with admiration at the Red Knight. He was resplendent in a new suit of armour fashioned out of lithographed photographs of Abraham Lincoln. From his helmet fluttered a copy of the Declaration of the Rights of Man. In his right hand he held a copy of Magna Charta, and with the left he waved aloft one of the Harvester's fattest checkbooks. A mighty cheer broke from the multitude, but the Red Knight commanded silence.

"As you go into battle," he went on, "ask yourself this: Can the practitioners of theft and burglary triumph over the forces of righteousness?"

"Never!" shouted the Publisher, like the hero in one of his own magazines.

"Don't be an ass, Frank," said the Red Knight. "Of course they always do, except when I am here to lead the forces of righteousness. That makes all the difference in the world."

Alice thought she had never seen him in such a logical frame of mind. The men about him felt exactly the same way.

The Red Knight went on: "The principal thing when you take up arms is to know what you are fighting for. Do all of you know what you are after?"

"We do!" they cried in chorus. Conviction was stamped on every face.

"That is very good," said the Red Knight. "So do I. Now we come to our plan of attack. It is very simple. I shall lead flanking parties against the enemy's right and left wing and head a furious charge against the centre. A small detachment of picked men under my personal command will go out in advance and feel out the enemy. As for the rear guard and train that shall be my own concern. Between operations I shall write full account of the battle for several newspaper syndicates with which I have signed contracts. Is there anything I have overlooked?"

It was the Forester who spoke up. "There's the band music for the triumphal return from Chicago."

The Red Knight smiled indulgently. "That is already composed and orchestrated. I may revise it a bit while I am dictating terms to the enemy. So that is all. You may go, gentlemen."

"But how about me?" said Alice, of whose presence the Red Knight had been quite oblivious. Her feelings were hurt, and she was on the point of crying.

"Why, sure enough, there you are, Alice," said the Red Knight. "I think you had better go to the rear till it's all over. The fight may last till

ten o'clock, and that's no hour for one of your age to be out of bed."

"I will never leave you!" cried Alice. "Under no circumstances. There's no one else like you in the whole world."

The Red Knight smiled and stroked her hair. "Very well, then. I'll tell you what we'll do. You don't ride a horse, do you?"

"I never learned," she said.

"It doesn't matter," said the Red Knight. "No horse could keep up with me, anyhow. We'll get you a taxicab and you can keep right by my side."

But Alice now had her qualms. "Is it very dangerous?" she asked.

"Dangerous where I am?" laughed the Red Knight. "You'll be just as safe as in your own little bed. Nobody ever stands up against me, Alice. At the first sight of me they turn and run. That's what makes the present obstinate behavior of the enemy so peculiarly infamous."

CHAPTER XVII

They were once more on the Chicago Flyer, this time on the way East, and Alice looking out of the window, saw that within a few minutes they would be in New York. The Red Knight lay back in his chair, almost as worn and pale as after that terrible battle in North Dakota, when he fell off so often on his head.

"A drink of water, please, Alice," said the Red Knight.

They had mislaid their individual drinking-cups, so Alice brought him some water in his helmet, and after he had drunk, she bathed his forehead with the rest.

"Well, it was a hard fight," said the Red Knight. "But we won."

"Do you think so?" said Alice, greatly surprised.

"We *must* have won," said the Red Knight. "We couldn't help it. Look at it yourself. My motives were of the very highest, my followers were the best men in the country, my strategy was absolutely faultless. There wasn't a mistake or an oversight. So, of course, I must have won."

"But I am really afraid," said Alice, "that the others think *they* came out best."

"That was part of my game," said the Red Knight. "Let them sink in the quicksands of their own delusions. Let them go on thinking they have nominated some one else. Let them go ahead and elect him. Let the fact be set down in the school histories. What does it all prove? Nothing."

The train came to a stop and Alice and the Red Knight took a taxicab for the latter's place of business. The time had come to say good-by. They stood at the door of the Outlooking Glass office, just as the edition was being made up. From the pressrooms to the editorial rooms all was animation. The chief editor was shooting copy up the tubes as fast as the office boys could write it. The latest advertisements were coming in over the wire. The desk men were waiting for the edi-

torial writers to finish their comments on the week's news before setting down the facts.

Alice turned to shake hands with the Red Knight. It had been an exciting time, and she was tired and very anxious to be at home with mamma. But she had grown fond of her comrade in the Outlooking Glass. When she was back again at her stupid lessons, studying that 2 and 2 makes 4, and that "yes" is affirmative and "no" is negative, and that black is black and white is white, oh, how she would miss the Red Knight.

But she was very brave, and, stretching out her hand, she said, "Goodby."

The Red Knight pressed her hand affectionately.

"I wish you would write something in my little pocket album," said Alice, trying to keep back her tears.

"Gladly," said the Red Knight, and taking the book he wrote:

Never put off till to-morrow
A thing you can get to-day.

"Thank you," said Alice. "I don't suppose we shall ever meet again."

"Well, there's 1916," said the Red Knight. "Shall we say four years from now on Lincoln's birthday?"

"But there would be no use trying," said Alice.

"You could help me a great deal, you know," said the Red Knight. "By that time women will be voting everywhere. On the one hand there will

be woman's new privileges to discuss, and on the other hand there will be her new responsibilities. My hat is still good for something."

"No, no, no," said Alice. "I don't want you to go campaigning any more. The fact is, you are not as strong as you used to be."

"Suppose it *is* a fact, what difference does it make?" said the Red Knight.

But Alice would not listen. "Why must you always be fighting? Why not leave that for younger people, and let everybody remember you at your best?"

"A man must do *something* exciting," said the Red Knight.

"Of course he must," said Alice. "I hope, and I'm sure we all hope, you will go on contributing for years and years and years. Good-by."

Her eyes were wet with tears as she sprang backwards through the Outlooking Glass. The Red Knight vanished. She was home again, home in the dear old room with the big reading lamp on the table, and mamma busy with the baby's things, and father asleep over a copy of the Aldrich Monetary Report.

"Oh mamma," she cried.

"What is it, Alice?" said her mother.

"I have *such* a headache, mamma. I have been in politics."



By the Same Author

THE PATIENT OBSERVER

LIGHT STUDIES IN EVERYDAY LIFE

Reprinted from The Evening Post

THE charming series of essays which have attracted many readers to the *New York Evening Post*, are here to be found in a bound volume. These witty and thoughtful lucubrations may henceforth be counted as a "permanent possession," and be stored on a book-shelf instead of wandering round as fugitive leaves. There is hardly an essayist of the present day in this country whose work seems better deserving of preservation.

—THE LITERARY DIGEST

WITH the coming of "The Patient Observer" a new—and true—humorist enters the field of American literature.

—NEW YORK TIMES

DODD, MEAD & CO.

\$1.20 net